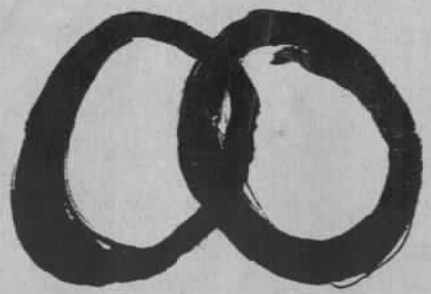


d on't give up

putcher lovin HAND in mine

a songbook for you

Howdy

November 13, 1996
pittsburgh

Marisa + I put this here little book together. In it are songs she likes to sing + songs I like to sing. It's just words, and a few pitchers, so you'll have to find some body who knows the tune. Maybe you can swap, lyrics for tune, next time I see you, we'll set and have a sing.

I like to sing when I'm cookin, when I'm cleanin, when I'm waitin in line at the grocery store. I started learning long songs when I started fishing and I've been collecting songs ever since. Send me a song or two. Send information on the songs in here. We weren't altogether sure where they came from, those songs. We sang a lot of these songs at Sister Subverter, a radical wimmin's gathering that some nice people arranged up in Wisconsin way back last August. Anne sang one she made up and I wanted it for this. I want to have more anthems about me and my pals, but I only manage a song a summer (and it's usually a fishing song) Well I talk too much but I want to say how I believe in the folk, and I like the culture I make with my folk. I'll get to work on them songs.

MARISA · 13671 WELD COUNTY Rd 66 GREELEY, CO 80631
MOE PO Box 4076 KODIAK, AK 99615

MOE

hard travellin

by Saint W. W. Guthrie

I been hittin some hard travellin, I thought you knowed
I been doin some hard travellin way down the road
I been doin some hard travellin hard ramblin hard gamblin
I been doin some hard travellin Lord.

I been ridin them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed
I been ridin them flat wheelers way down the road
I been ridin them dead enders, blind passengers, rickin out cinders
I been doin some hard travellen lord.

I been workin that Pittsburgh Steel, I thought you knowed
I been pourin that red-hot slag, way don the road
I been blastin, I been firin, I been pourin red hot iron
I been hittin some hard travellin Lord

I been hittin some hard harvestin I thought you knowed
North Dakota to Kansas City, way down that road
Cuttin that wheat and Stackin that hay Tryin to make my dollar a day
I been doin some hard travellin Lord!

I been doin some hard-rock minin, I thought you knowed
I been leanin' on a pressure drill way down the road
Hammer goin and a air-hose suckin' 6 foot a mud, shore been a-muckin
I been doin some hard travellin lord.

I been doin some hard travellin, I thought you knowed
I been laxin in a county jail, way down the road
Damned old judge, he says to me, you git 90 days for vagrancy

I BEEN DOIN SOME HARD TRAVELLIN, LORD

Renovation of the Pentagon - Michelle Shocked

Come all ye citizens and gather 'round
Don't you miss out on the fun
The destruction workers have just broken ground
They're remodelling the Pentagon

Thats right all hail to the military state
Keep communism on the run
And to keep up with the high cost of peace
They're remodeling the Sextagon

Well the generals have to keep up their 4 tank garages
And payments on washing machine .... guns
And to keep up with the high cost of peace
They're remodeling the Septagon

On Wall Street I hear they are now taking bids
For buying off your Congress man woman person (you pick)
And to keep up with the high cost of peace,
they're remodelling the Octagon

They've put another side on the Nonagon
And they have plans to keep on adding on and on and on
Soon it will be the grandest of halls
But by then we will be gone (BLOWN TO HELL!)
By then we will all be gone!

Good Night, Irene

by Leadbelly

Sometimes I live in the Country, Sometimes I live in Town
Sometimes I take a Great Notion, To jump into the River and Drown.**

chorus

Good night Irene, Irene Goodnight
Good night Irene Good Night Irene I'll see you*
IN MY DREAMS

chorus

I asked your Mother for you She said you was too Young
I wish I'd never seen your Face, I'm sorry you ever was Born.

CHORUS

Stop Ramblin' Stop Gamblin Stop Stayin out Late at Night
Go Home to Your Wife and your Family, Sit down by the Fireside bright.

CHORUS

I Love Irene god knows I do, Love her with all my Might
If she turned her back on Me, I'd take Morphine and Die

alternate chorus
*I'll Kiss you *I'll git you

** If at sea change "drown" to "swim around" to avoid Bad Luck

HEY LORETTA

by: Miss Loretta Lynn

Goodbye tub and clothesline
Goodbye pots and pan
I'm gonna take a Greyhound Bus as far as I can
I ain't gonna wash no winders & I ain't gonna scrub no floor
And when you re-a-lize I'm gone, I'm a gonna hear you roar

and you'll say Hey Loretta I love you more than my Irish Setter
Hey Loretta Don't leave me alone! Hey Loretta
I swear I'm a gonna treat you better, buy you some brand new Overhalls
If you only come back home

*Chorus bubbles

I work my fingers to the bone and we don't hardly speak
And all I ever get is a little kiss about once a week.
So you can feed the chickens, and you can milk the cow
This woman's liberation, honey, is gonna start right now!
and you'll say...

I'll dress up like a movie Star and Pretty up my hair
And no one here is gonna know what I'll be doing there!
I'll be swingin from the chandelier and bouncin off the wall
Instead of lovin just one man I'M A GONNA LOVE 'EM ALL
and you'll say...

THIS is a GOOD SONG TO SING IN THE FISH HOLD.
COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER IS A GOOD MOVIE, HMM YEAH.

Hooray for the Riff-Raff

Casey Neill

chorus
HOORAY for our band of happy ragged folks
Telling old stories and fireside jokes
Living for the music the love and the laughs, Hooray for the Riffraff

raconteurs and bowsies, rebels and tramps
travellers who wander from camp to camp,
bulldodgers & swagmen, vandals & rounders, wandering hobo town to towners
come join the circle dance of jollyfools
squatters & crusties who make their own rules
riverbed beggars, carousers & thieves — our only motto ANARCHY!
(chorus)
migrating drifters, buskers on the street
minstrels & gypsies with no shoes on our feet
o drovers & rovers, nomad souls, rank & feral vagabonds laying down our bedrolls
tree spikers and diggers wobblies & the like
monkey wrenching saboteurs, wooden shoe luddites
bolt weivels & tricksters elves & sprites we laugh as the dozers burn and escape into the night
(chorus)
winos & drunkards a stout drinking crew, dancing on the tables slamming down the brew
we don't care if in the morning our heads need to be nursed
pint after pint there's no limit to our thirst
wizards and sages druids & knaves, outcasts, freaks, warriors brave
amazons & pagans children of the tribes again we are awakening alive alive alive
we come in all colors stripes & spots, raging grannies & punkers revel in our lot
we don't care what we look like & we don't wear underwear
go ahead And stare we Are everywhere! (chorus)

The Gray Funnel Line

A HOMESICK SONG

Don't mind the rain or the rollin sea
THE WEARY NIGHT NEVER WORRIES ME
THE HARDEST TIME IN A SAILOR'S DAY
IS TO SEE THE SUN AS IT DIES A WAY
IT'S ONE MORE DAY ON THE GRAY FUNNEL LINE

THE FINEST SHIP THAT SAILED THE SEA
IS BUT A PRISON TO THE LIKES OF ME
IF I HAD WINGS OF NOAH'S DOVE
I'D FLY UP HARBOR TO THE ONE I LOVE
IT'S ONE MORE DAY ON THE GRAY FUNNEL LINE

EACH TIME I STARE BETWEEN THE SCREWS
OH HOW I LONG FOR OLD PETER'S SHOES
I'D WALK ALONG THAT SILVER LANE
AND HOLD MY LOVE IN MY ARMS AGAIN.. IT'S ONE MORE DAY.

OH LORD IF DREAMS WERE ONLY REAL
I'D LAY MY HANDS ON THAT WOODEN WHEEL
WITH ALL MY HEART I'D TURN HER 'ROUND
AND TELL THE CREW THAT WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND
IT'S ONE MORE DAY ON THE GREY FUNNEL LINE.

I'LL PASS MY DAYS LIKE SOME MACHINE
UNTIL BLUE WATERS TURN TO GREEN
I'LL DANCE ON DECK WHEN WE REACH THE SHORE
AND SAIL THE GRAY FUNNEL LINE NO MORE

ll sail no more on the Gray Funnel Line

I AINT got NO HOME IN THIS WORLD

by Woodrow Wilson Guthrie

I aint got no home, Im just A RAMBLIN' ROUND
A WANDERING worker, I go FROM town to town
Police make it HARD wherever I may go
AND I AINT got NO home in this world anymore

My sisters and my brothers are STRANDED on this ROAD
A hot and dusty ROAD that A million feet have TROD
Rich man took my crop AND drove me from my door
AND I AINT got NO home IN this world anymore

I WAS FARMING on the shares AND ALWAYS WAS I POOR
My crops I layed into the BANKER'S store
My PARTNER UP AND DIED upon the CABIN floor
AND I AINT got NO home in this world anymore

As I look AROUND its Mighty plain to see
This WIDE AND wicked WORLD IS A FUNNY place to be
GAMBLIN' MAN IS RICH AND the WORKIN' MAN IS POOR
AND I aint got no home in this world anymore.

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

WORDS BY HARRY McCLINTOCK, I.W.W.

Oh, why don't you work like other folks do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

A ROUSING CHORUS

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM, HALLELUJAH BUM AGAIN
HALLELUJAH GIVE US A HANDOUT TO REVIVE US AGAIN!

OH I LOVE MY BOSS, AND MY BOSS LOVES ME
AND THAT IS THE REASON I'M SO HUNGRY

(chorus)

OH, THE SPRINGTIME HAS COME AND I'M JUST OUT OF JAIL
WITHOUT ANY MONEY, WITHOUT ANY BAIL

(SING TOGETHER NOW)

I WENT TO A HOUSE AND I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR
SOMEONE COME OUT, SAYS "you been here before"

(SING SING)

I WENT TO A HOUSE AND I ASKED FOR SOME BREAD
SOMEONE COME OUT, SAYS "THE BAKER IS DEAD."

(LIKE IN CHURCH, GOSPEL style)

When SPRINGTIME DOES COME, OH WON'T WE HAVE FUN
WE'LL THROW UP OUR JOBS AND We'll GO ON THE BUM!

(ONCE MORE!)

Add lots of verses, la la la

DANCING ON the RUINS

(chorus)
We're dancing on the ruins of the multinational corporations
HA HA HA HA HA! (2x)

SAY good bye to plastics & good bye to cars
No more convenience stores, hello to stars
No more wall street No more pentagon
Thinking about these things makes me happy (CHORUS)

good bye to polystyrene, we'll put an end to the waste
theres no time for debating - we have to make haste
if we're going to survive without computer programmed minds
we're going to have to can pop culture
And say Hello to campfires & stomping barefeet
And naked amoebas hungry to eat
hello to primal consciousness and love for the land
Now that coyotes are running the country (CHORUS)

Sayonara to suburbia and well manicured lawns
bye bye barbie & Ken doll pawns
No more developers or slimeball execs
your condos are on fire (CHORUS)

NO more christian country, we'll have pagan deities
And when we've destroyed technology we all will be free
the pavement will be ripped up and the skyscrapers cut down
Yes! we are coming for your children!
(CHORUS 2x)

Freight Train

-Elizabeth Cotten

Freight train freight train run so fast (2x)
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I've gone

When I'm dead and in my grave
No more good times here I crave
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

When I die Lord bury me deep
Way down on old Chestnut Street

So I can hear old Number 9
As she come rolling by.

Freight train freight train . . . . . .

The Battle Hyr of the Lunatic Fringe

by Karen mac Annika

a war chant

To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

We are here in _____ our abortion rights to Keep
We are waking up a country that has fallen fast a sleep *
We may be (old) we may be (hungry) but we re-fuse to be Sheep
And we have buns of steel

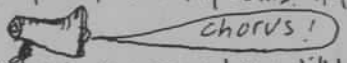
EVERY BODY SING

Glory Glory Hallelujah, Glory Glory what's it to ya?
If we wanna then we'll do ya, 'cause we have Buns of Steel.

We're the Violent Fringe embodied, we don't need a gun or Knife
We refuse to be a husband we refuse to be a WIFE
We are Sucking deep the Marrow of this thing that we Call Life
And we have buns of steel. (IF you want, you can cop a feel)

all to gether now

You may call us Jezebel, Whoremonger Paganist or Dyke
You say that you are Christians, You're the Born-Again Third Reich
Take back your Crucifixes, Bibles and your Christian Rights
And prepare to Lick my Loins! It feels Good to rub a Groin!



Herstory: we composed this little ditty one February week in South Bend, Indiana in a 1993 attack on the local ♀'s clinic by Operation Rescue. It was freezing cold and we were hungry. Please substitute blanks in *verse one for adjectives appropriate to your bioregion and physical state. okedoke, keep singin IT out.

A TRUE STORY BY MR. WOODY GUTHRIE

The Ballad of Pretty Boy Floyd

Come and gather Round me, children
A story I will tell, Of Pretty Boy Floyd the Outlaw
Oklahoma knew him well.

It was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in the wagon, as into town they rode.

There a Deputy sheriff approached them
In a manner rather rude, Speaking vulgar words of Language
And his wife, She over heard

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain, the deputy grabbed his Gun
And when the fight was Over
He laid that Deputy down.

He took to the Hills and Timbers
On the Canadian river shore
And there he found a Welcome, at every Farmer's door.

He took to the hills and Timbers
To live a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name

Some will tell you of A Stranger
Come to beg a meal
And Underneath his Napkin Left a Thousand Dollar Bill.

And There's many a Starving Farmer
The Same old story told
How an Outlaw paid their Mortgage & saved their Little Home.

It was in Oklahoma City, It was on a Christmas Day
Came a whole Cart-load of Groceries
And a Letter that did say:
"Well you Say that I'm an Outlaw
You say that I'm a Thief
Here's a Christmas Dinner For the Families on Relief."

Well as through this World you wander
And through this world you roam
You will never See an Outlaw drive a Family from their Home

And as through this world I wander
I meet lots of funny men
Some will rob you with a six-gun
AND SOME WITH A FOUNTAIN PEN!

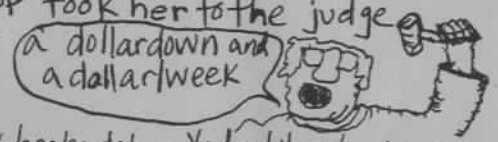
dollar down, dollar a week

YEP, IT'S BY OL' WOODY

or "WHY I LOVE A BICYCLE-OH"

Friend a mine bought an auto-mo-bik
At a dollar down and a dollar a week
And every time she turned the wheel
IT was a dollar down + a dollar a week

Sthe went out riding in her car.
And she kissed her girl* upon the cheek
Speed cop took her to the judge
Sthe GOT a dollar down and a dallar/week



Yo de dul ay hoo hoode hoo Yo deedulay hoo hoo de hoo
Yo deedul ay hoo hoo.... hoo hoode hoo hoo hoo

A TINY SERMON: SEE HOW CAR-OWNIN LEADS TO JEALOUSY, POSSESSIVENESS, AND MURDER? SEE?

Sixty days she laid in jail at a dollar down and a dollar a week
Another man was a lovin her gal at a dollar down + a dollar a Week
When she got out she shot that man
And laid him in the graveyard six feet deep
And when she bought the graveyard plot
It was a dollar down and a dollar a week

Yo dee dul ay hoo hoo de hoo once again

ITS A SHORT SONG—SING IT TWICE!

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

-Stephen Foster

Let us pause in lifes pleasures & count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
Theres a song that will linger forever in our ears
O Hard Times come again no more

CHORUS Tis the song the sigh of the weary
Hard times hard times come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
O Hard times come again no more

Theres a pale drooping MAIDEN who toils her life away
With a worn heart whos better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry, tis sighing all the day
O HARD Times come AGAIN NO MORE

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely grave
O HARD Times come AGAIN NO more

-CHORUS-

While we seek mirth and beauty & music bright & gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks still say
O Hard Times COME AGAIN NO more.

Freight Train Blues

brought to you by Roy Acuff

a yodelling kind of a song

verse one: childhood

I was born in Dixie in a boomer shack
Just a little shanty by the railroad track
Hummin of the driver was my lullabye
And a freight train whistle taught me how to cry!

COMMENCE CHORAL JOIN IN PLEASE

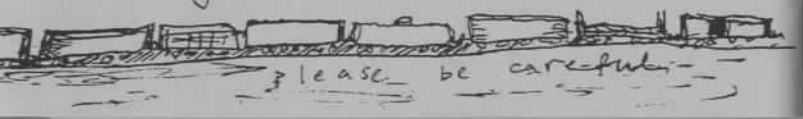
I got the freight train blu-uves, lordy lordy
Got 'em in the bottom of my wanderin sho-hoooo-oes, lordy
When the whistle blows I gotta go, oh Lordy
I know I'm never gonna lose these freight train blues

verse two: domestic bliss

My daddy was a brakeman and my mama dear
She was the only daughter of an engineer
Sweetie loved her brakeman and it ain't no joke
But it's a shame the way she kept a good man broke!

verse three: living my life

I know I'm old enough to quit my ronnin around
some people really think I oughta settle down
But every time I find a place I want to stay
I hear a freight train whistle, Lord I'm on my way!



Bedlam Boys

To see Mad Tom of Bedlam, 10,000 miles I'd travel
Maudlin goes on dirty toes to save her shoes from gravel

And It's Well that we sing, bonny boys, bonny mad boys
Bedlam Boys are bonny
For they all go bare and they live in the air and they want no drink nor money

chorus

I went down to Satan's Kitchen to break me fast one mornin'
And there I got souls pipin' hot all on the spits a-turnin'

sing the chorus here ooh

At Midnight I'll go murdering the Man in the Moon to a pawder
His staff I'll break and his dog I'll shake + I'll howl a wee bit louder

a r oooo!

My Staff has murdered Giants and my pack a long knife carries
For to cut mince pies from children's thighs with which to feed the fairies

again with the chorus, oy

A spirit hot as lightning did on that journey guide me
The sun did shake and the pale moon quake wherever they did spy me

first verse again

To see Mad Tom of Bedlam, 10,000 miles I'd travel
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes to save her shoes from gravel

last chorus

AND IT'S Well that WE SING...

Fish & Whistle by John Prine

I been thinking lately 'bout the people I meet
The car wash on the corner & the hole in the street
The way my ankles hurt with shoes on my feet
And I wonder if I'm gonna see tomorrow

CHORUS » Father forgive us for what we might do
You forgive us and we'll forgive you
We'll forgive eachother til we both turn blue
Then we'll whistle and go fishing in heaven

I was in the army but I never dug a trench
I used to bust my knuckles with a monkey wrench
I'd go to town on Saturdays, give the girls a pinch
But I don't think they ever even noticed.

CHORUS

BRIDGE » Fish and whistle, whistle and fish
Eat everything that they put on your dish
When we get through, we'll make a big wish
That we'll never have to do this again AGAIN AGAIN!

CHORUS

On my very first job I said thank you and please
I used to scrub the parking lot down on my knees
Then I got fired for being scared of bees
And they only paid me 50¢ an hour

Bridge, chorus

The Sweetest Gift, A Mother's Smile

sing it like the misses Hazel and Alice

One day a mother came to a prison
To see an erring but precious son
She told the warden how much she loved him
It did not matter what he had done.

chorus

She didnot bring parole or pardon
She brought no silver, no copper stone
It was a halo sent down from heaven
The sweetest gift, a mother's smile

Her boy had wandered far from the fireside
Though she had pleaded with him each night
Yet not a word did she ever utter
That told her heartache—her smile was bright.

chorus

She left a smile you can remember
she's gone to heaven with heartache's grief
The bars around you will never change her
You were her baby and e'er will be.

She did not bring parole or pardon
She brought no silver, no copper stone
It was a halo, sent down from Heaven
The sweetest gift, a mother's smile.

The Digger Song (World Turned Upside Down)

— Leon Rosselson

In 1649 to St. Georges Hill, - A ragged band they called the Diggers
Came to show the peoples will -
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws -
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

We come in peace, they said, to dig and sow
We come to work the lands in common and to make the waste ground grow
This earth divided we will make whole, so it will be a common treasury for all
The sin of property we do disdain - No man has any right to buy or sell
The earth for private gain - By the ft and murder they took the land -
Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command
They make the laws to chain us well - the clergy dazzle us with heaven
then they damn us into hell - We will not worship the god they serve -
The god who feeds the rich while poor folk starve

We work we eat together, we need no swords
We will not bow to the masters or pay rent to the lords
Still we are free, though we are poor
You Diggers all stand up for glory stand up now!

From the men of property the orders came - they sent the
hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers claim
Tear down their cottages destroy their corn - they were dispersed
but still the vision lingers on

You poor take courage you rich take care - this earth
was made a common treasury for everyone to share - All things
in common, all people one - we come in peace the order came
to cut them down.

*I like to sing this verse again at the end, rather be standing in glory than cutdown!

The Rattlin' Bog

trick or game or song

Chorus, to sing between each verse:

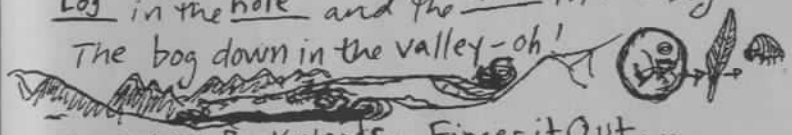
Ho, ro the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley - oh
Ho Ro the rattlin bog, the bog down in the valley oh

example number one:

And in that bog there was a hole
A rare hole a rattlin' hole!
Hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley oh!

example number two:

And in that hole there was a log
A rare log a rattlin log
Log in the hole and the hole in the bog
The bog down in the valley - oh!



Work Backwards... Finger it Out...

Here's the last verse, Yinz

The Speck on the Flea and the Flea on the Feather
and the Feather on the Bird and the Bird in the
Egg and the Egg in the Nest and the Nest
on the Leaf and the Leaf on the Twig and the Twig
on the Branch and the Branch on the Log and
the Log in the Hole and the Hole in the Bog
THE BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY-OH!

ROCKY TOP

"a bioregional celebration"

I WISH I WAS ON OL' ROCKY TOP
DOWN IN THE TENNESSE HILLS
AIN'T NO SMOG OR SMOKE ON ROCKY TOP
AIN'T NO TELEPHONE BILLS.

ONCE I HAD A (FILLINGENOUGH) ON ROCKY TOP
HALF BEAR, THE OTHER HALF CAT
WILD AS MINK AND SWEET AS SODA POP
I STILL DREAM ABOUT THAT.

Chorus

ROCKY TOP, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE HOME SWEET HOME TO ME
GOOD OL ROCKY TOP, ROCKY TOP TENNESSEE.

ONCE TWO STRANGERS CLIMBED OL ROCKY TOP
LOOKIN FOR A LITTLE SHINE STILL
STRANGERS THEY COME DOWN FROM ROCKY TOP
RECKON THEY NEVER WILL *

CORN DON'T GROW AT ALL ON ROCKY TOP
EARTH'S TOO ROCKY BY FAR
THAT'S WHY ALL THE FOLKS ON ROCKY TOP GET THEIR CORN FROM A JAR

*HORUS

I've had YEARS OF CRAMPED-UP CITY LIFE
TRAPPED LIKE A DUCK IN A PEN
ALL I KNOW IS, IT'S A PITY
~~LIFE CAN'T~~ BE SIMPLE AGAIN

*WE DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND THIS VERSE. IS IT A BIOREGIONAL LINGUISTIC PATTERN, OR DID WE GET IT WRONG?

WHAT DID the DEEP SEA SAY?

OH, CAPTAIN tell me true
Does my sailor sail with you?
No he does not sail with me
He sleeps at the bottom of the sea.

~CHORUS~

What did the deep sea say?
What did the deep sea say?
It moaned & it groaned
And it splashed & it foamed
And it rolled on its weary way.

He promised to write to me
But his promise he did not keep true
Never a word from my sailor have I heard
Since he sailed upon the ocean blue

~ CHORUS ~

A beautiful rose every day
I place at the crest of the wave
I say take it please and let the petals fall
At the foot of his watery grave ~CHORUS~

Hello Stranger

Hello Stranger, Put your lovin hand in Mine (2x)
You are a Stranger, And You're a Pal of Mine.

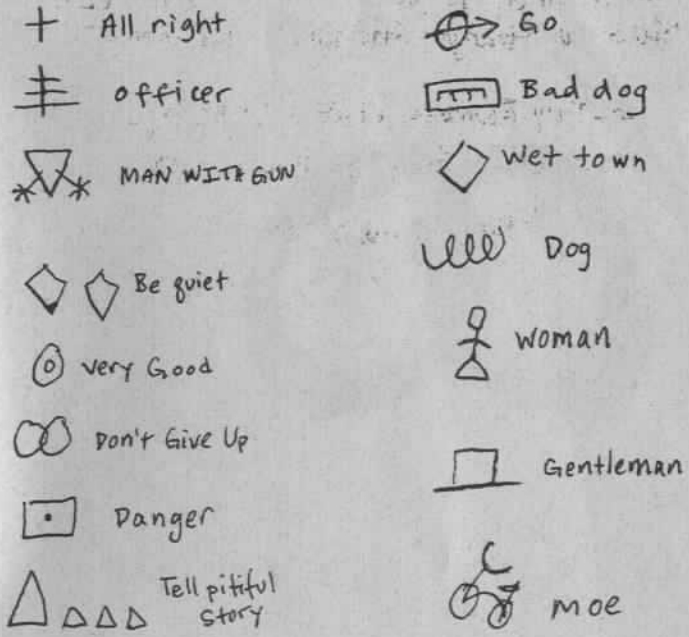
GET up Rounder let a workin girl lay down (2x)
You are a rounder And you're all out and down.

Every time I ride the 4th and 6th Street car (2x)
I can see my baby peepin through the bars.

(2x) Well he bowed his head and he waved both hands at me
I'm prison bound, I'm longin to be free

Oh I'll see you When your Troubles are like mine (2x)
Oh I'll see you when you haven't got a dime.

Weepin like a willow and moanin like a dove (2x)
There's a ____ up the country that I really love

Hello Stranger, put your loving hand in mine
Hello Stranger put your loving hand in mine
You are a Stranger And you're a Friend of Mine.
(Pal)

Some Railroad Reads